



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1898-10-10

**Letter from Louie Wanda [Muir] to John Muir, 1898 Oct 10.**

Louie Wanda Muir

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Helen and Wanda are well and live out in the sunshine most of the time. Fannie Douglass is a good walker and stays with them and besides they have taken long walks along the hill tops with Eva Griffin and several Martinez girls. One Saturday eleven of them went over to see the great Laurel, and they have planned an excursion to the Briones Hills.

Edith Blaisdell stays here about four days a week to help me as Blanche wants to stay with her sister and sew as much as she can.

There is plenty of water in the new well in Raap's lane, so the Supervisors bought a horsepower and set it up a short time before the rain came! but anyway it will be ready for next summer, and we will never again endure as we did the superlative miseries of dust.

The fields are green with new grass, and the peach trees are very handsome in their autumn dress,

Martinez, California  
October 10, 1893.

My beloved husband,

We are all thankful to hear that you are so much better again and are able to enjoy those glorious views in your own good old way.

You have written us so many beautiful letters on the way that the children and I feel we <sup>have</sup> had a share in all your delightful journeys among those fine trees and flowers of the eastern woods. Just now we can realize the look of fresh green trees and vines since our own have been

but I fear this drouth-stricken country will seem very dreary to you after the luxuriant freshness and the glowing colors of those eastern mountain ranges.

Sometime I hope we can all go together through those charming woods when the rhododendrons are in bloom. I want to see the magnolias in their own home, and oh, those lovely little pink heathwort bells, how delicious they must be!

I suppose you will go up along the Hudson with Mr. Johnson and hope you will see something of the Adirondacks in their autumn glory. If so, do not forget to give my blessing to all the clear beautiful lakes and streams you meet: and send me some filmy fern fronds.



washed fairly clean by two inches of blessed rain, and our live-oaks look almost bright as ever. Most of the orchard though still is forlorn and drouthy looking and many of the trees are dead.

Coleman is hurrying off whad grapes are fit to send, for the weather is threatening again, and during the last storm the rain seemed to come down with most surprising ease but with little preparation, and no wind here.

I drove around the vineyard with Aunt Margaret a few days ago, and she came here this morning. She seems much better since the weather has been cool, and I think she is more cheerful and hopeful than usual, but she also talked about starting to clean

her house and yard now that the dust is so nicely settled, but I hope that she will allow Blanche to help her often.

We are in the midst of carpet beating and house washing here, and I have had all the chimneys cleaned and the dust and cobwebs brushed out wherever possible. Since the rain there has been heavy dew every night, so, the roofs being damp there is so much less danger of fire now than during the summer.

We have only cold suppers, we lock up the house before dark, and we go early to bed and are early risers also for the mornings have been delightful since the first rain. Helen rides on Bay-Harry first and then comes in then comes in brisk and hungry for breakfast.

Last week I received a long letter from your sister Annie. She was worried about affairs financial of her church in Portage, a deficit of \$250.00 on salary of Rev. Adam Fawcett, and she asked me to help, so I sent her twenty dollars. Grace Galloway had visited her mother after spending two months in La Crosse taking treatment for her rheumatic foot. Annie said Joanna wrote a cheerful account of her life in Philadelphia, seeming to be all right. The weather in Portage was fine, and your sisters are expecting to see you before long.

Wanda and Helen will send you letters tomorrow. Let us know how long you will be in New York. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and do try to take good care of yourself. Your faithful wife Louie Muir.